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MARCH No. 24

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MYSTERIOUS ADVENTURES

MYSTERIOUS

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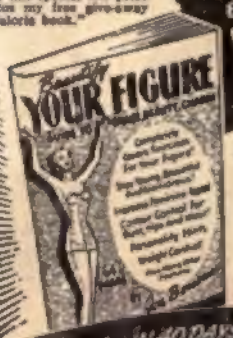

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Published bimonthly by Story Comics, Inc., 7 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y. Single copy 10c, subscription 12 issues, $1.20. Reentered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at the Post Office at Derby, Conn. World Wide Rights 1955, Story Comics, Inc. Printed in the U. S. A.

JUST CAN'T GET YOUR FILL OF OUR TANTALIZING TALES EH MYSTERY WORSHIPPERS? NEVER FEAR MYSTERIOUS ADVENTURES WON'T LET YOU DOWN, EVER FAITHFUL FOLLOWERS! THIS TIME WE'VE SET OUR SIGHTS ON A SAGA OF INTRIGUE AND REVENGE, A NERVEWRACKING NARRATION WHICH WILL KEEP YOU CHILLED UNTIL THE SPRING THAW! HERE IS A STORY THAT COULD NEVER HAVE HAPPENED, IT'S PURE FANTASY, BUT I THINK YOU WILL LIKE...

THE EYES HAVE IT!

HENRY FINALLY FELL ASLEEP, SLUMPED OVER THE TABLE, HIS MIND AND BODY WEARIED FROM MANY LONG HOURS OF TORMENT. HE WAS AWAKENED ON THE FOLLOWING MORNING BY THE SHARP JANGLING OF THE PHONE...

W-WHAT? WHAT! YOU'VE GOT A SET OF EYES FOR ME? OH, THANK YOU... THANK YOU YES, MA'AM, I'LL BE AT THE CHICAGO HOSPITAL ON THURSDAY MORNING!

AND SO, JUST WHEN LIFE SEEMED AT ITS LOWEST EBB, THE BLIND MAN'S PRAYERS WERE ANSWERED. ON THURSDAY MORNING THE EYES WERE TRANSPLANTED TO HIS EMPTY SOCKETS...

THAT DOES IT. I WONDER WHY HE REPEATS THOSE WORDS.. "CHICAGO.. ONE YEAR.. I PROMISE"

JUST A DREAM, DOCTOR!

CHICAGO.. ONE YEAR!

THE NEXT WEEK WAS AN AGONY OF ANTICIPATION FOR HENRY DENTON. BUT AT LAST IT WAS FINALLY OVER, AND THE BANDAGES WERE REMOVED FROM HIS EYES...

OPEN YOUR EYES SLOWLY, MR. DENTON, SLOWLY...

I-I CAN SEE, DOCTOR, I CAN SEE! I CAN SEE!

AND THUS HENRY REGAINED HIS EYESIGHT. LATER, AS HE GRATEFULLY SHOOK HANDS WITH THE DOCTOR, HE SUDDENLY THOUGHT OF SOMETHING HE WANTED TO ASK... SOMETHING HE'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN IN HIS EXCITEMENT...

WHOSE, WHOSE EYES DO I HAVE?

I'M SORRY, MR. DENTON BUT WE'RE NOT ALLOWED TO DIVULGE THAT INFORMATION. HOSPITAL RULE.

AT FIRST HE WAS MILDLY IRRITATED AT THE DOCTOR'S ANSWER. BUT AS HE WALKED HOME, HENRY LAUGHED IT OFF. WHAT DID IT MATTER WHOSE EYES THEY HAD BEEN. THEY WERE HIS NOW. HE STOPPED AT A BAR TO CELEBRATE THE BEGINNINGS OF A NEW LIFE...

WHAT'LL IT BE, MAC?

CHAMPAGNE! A GREAT BIG BOTTLE!

BUT SUDDENLY HENRY STOPPED SHORT. HE COULDN'T AFFORD CHAMPAGNE. IN FACT, HE COULD HARDLY AFFORD THE PRICE OF A BEER. HE LOOKED AT THE BARTENDER INTENTLY, WONDERING BITTERLY IF THE MAN WOULD EXTEND HIM ANY CREDIT. SOMEHOW, THAT CHAMPAGNE SEEMED VERY IMPORTANT...

I WONDER IF... IF...

LISTEN, SIR, LET ME DO SOMETHING... I WANT THIS BOTTLE TO BE ON THE HOUSE!

HENRY'S MOUTH DROPPED OPEN IN AMAZEMENT. HE HADN'T EVEN FINISHED HIS SENTENCE. HE'D MERELY LOOKED AT THE BARTENDER AND HIS WISH HAD BEEN GRANTED...

I-I DON'T GET IT. I JUST LOOKED AT THE GUY!

BUT THAT WASN'T THE ONLY STRANGE THING THAT HAPPENED TO HENRY THAT DAY. WHEN HE LEFT THE BAR, HE PAUSED AT A MEN'S APPAREL SHOP NEXT DOOR. THERE WAS A SUIT IN THE WINDOW... HE WANTED IT...

BEAUTIFUL SUIT, EH, MISTER. WE'RE HAVING A SPECIAL SALE THIS MONTH! ONLY NINETY-FIVE...

SORRY, BUDDY, BUT RIGHT NOW I COULDN'T BUY A HANDKERCHIEF.

BUT AS HENRY FACED THE PROPRIETOR, HIS EYES STRAINING WITH DESIRE, HE SAW THE MAN'S FACE SUDDENLY FREEZE INTO AN EXPRESSION OF SUBMISSION.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE MONEY, SIR. IN FACT... ALLOW ME TO MAKE YOU A GIFT OF THE SUIT!

A GIFT? B-BUT...

OF COURSE, HENRY ACCEPTED THE SUIT. SOMETHING WAS ODD... VERY ODD FOR THE SECOND TIME, HE'D GOTTEN WHAT HE WANTED MERELY BY LOOKING AT SOMEONE...

THIS IS CRAZY! ABSOLUTELY CRAZY! PEOPLE DON'T GIVE YOU WHAT YOU WANT JUST BECAUSE YOU LOOK AT THEM!

HE DECIDED TO TEST THE UNBELIEVEABLE PHENOMENON AGAIN. HE WALKED INTO A RESTAURANT AND ORDERED A LARGE MEAL...

YES... YES, SIR. A STEAK WELL DONE, BAKED POTATOES AND WATERCRESS SALAD.

WHY AM I HAUNTED BY THAT DREAM?

AFTER HE'D EATEN HIS MEAL, HENRY STROLLED UP TO THE CASHIER'S DESK AND PEERED INTO THE MAN'S EYES. AGAIN HE DIDN'T UTTER A SOUND...

NO CHARGE, SIR. YOUR STEAK IS ON THE HOUSE. WE... WE HOPE YOU ENJOYED IT.

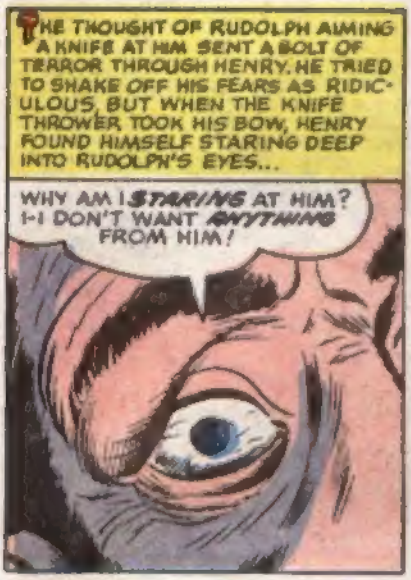
AS HE SAT IN HIS DINGY FURNISHED ROOM THAT NIGHT HENRY WAS DELIRIOUS WITH HAPPINESS. NOT ONLY COULD HE SEE, BUT HIS NEW EYES SEEMED TO POSSESS SOME MIRACULOUS POWER.

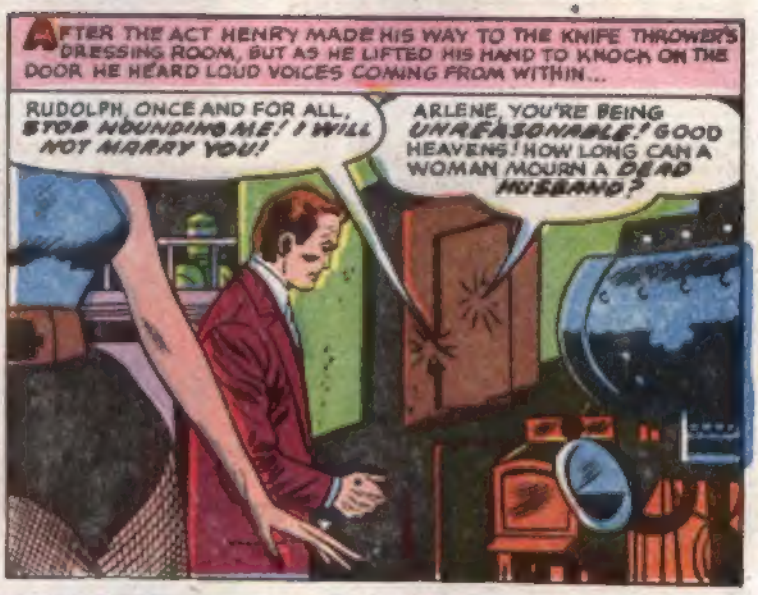
I HAVE THIS POWER... NOW HOW CAN I USE IT TO MAKE MONEY WITHOUT BREAKING THE LAW... LET ME THINK!

HENRY SAT ALL NIGHT FORMING A PLAN... BY MORNING HE HAD IT... HE WOULD USE HIS POWER ONLY TO OBTAIN INFORMATION, THAT WAY HE WOULD USE THE INFORMATION TO INVEST. HE TALKED TO A BANK CLERK...

IT'S... MOST CONFIDENTIAL, SIR, BUT THE BIG INVESTORS ARE BUYING ACE URANIUM STOCK!

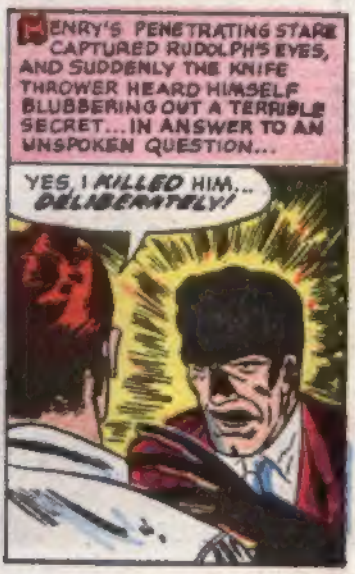
I DON'T KNOW WHY I AM TELLING YOU SIR, BUT THEY FOUND A NEW VEIN IN THE MINE.. THE STOCK WILL DOUBLE ITS VALUE!
I'LL BORROW SOME MONEY, I'LL INVEST EVERY CENT I CAN RAISE!
IT WORKED! WITHIN A FEW MONTHS HE WAS A RICH MAN! HE HAD MADE ALL HE WANTED, HE LEFT ON VACATION ON THE CALIFORNIA EXPRESS TRAIN...
$100,000! IT'S MINE... MINE! AND THIS IS JUST THE BEGINNING! I CAN GET JEWELS... PROPERTY... ANYTHING... EVERYTHING!
DURING THE NEXT YEAR HENRY REALLY LIVED! HE BOUGHT EVERYTHING HE EVER WANTED... AND, OF COURSE, HE NEVER LACKED FOR ENTERTAINMENT...
BUT AT THE END OF A YEAR HENRY SUDDENLY FELT DRAWN BACK TO CHICAGO HE DIDN'T KNOW WHY... HE ONLY KNEW THAT AN IRRESISTIBLE URGE TO RETURN PULLED AT HIM... NAGGED AT HIM...
CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHY ON EARTH I CAME BACK! I HAD PASSAGE BOOKED FOR EUROPE... YET, HERE I AM ON STATE STREET!
ON HIS FIRST NIGHT IN TOWN HENRY AMBLED AIMLESSLY DOWN THE CROWDED THOROUGHFARES, HIS PLANS INDEFINITE... UNTIL HE CAME TO THE ALCOTT THEATRE...
MIGHT AS WELL DROP IN HERE. I'VE GOT NOTHING BETTER TO DO!
ON STAGE
RUDOLP
HE BOUGHT A TICKET AND PUSHED INTO THE FIRST ROW IN FRONT OF THE STAGE. AS HE SAT DOWN HE FELT ANNOYED WITH HIMSELF. WHY HAD HE WASTED TIME WITH THIS TWO-BIT SHOW WHEN HE COULD AFFORD THE BEST NIGHTCLUBS IN TOWN...
WELL, AS LONG AS I'M HERE, I'LL STAY FOR THE FIRST ACT... THAT KNIFE THROWING GUY... BUT THEN I'M LEAVING!
EXIT
THE DRUMS ROLLED, THE CURTAINS PARTED, AND RUDOLPH THE GREAT WENT INTO HIS ACT.
BRAVO! BRAVO!
HE'S GOOD, ALL RIGHT! BOY I SURE WOULDN'T WANT HIM AIMING AT ME WITH ONE OF THOSE THINGS... IF HE DECIDED HE DIDN'T LIKE SOMEONE...


THE THOUGHT OF RUDOLPH AIMING A KNIFE AT HIM SENT A BOLT OF TERROR THROUGH HENRY. HE TRIED TO SHAKE OFF HIS FEARS AS RIDICULOUS, BUT WHEN THE KNIFE THROWER TOOK HIS BOW, HENRY FOUND HIMSELF STARING DEEP INTO RUDOLPH'S EYES...
WHY AM I STARING AT HIM? I-I DON'T WANT ANYTHING FROM HIM!


AFTER THE ACT HENRY MADE HIS WAY TO THE KNIFE THROWER'S DRESSING ROOM, BUT AS HE LIFTED HIS HAND TO KNOCK ON THE DOOR HE HEARD LOUD VOICES COMING FROM WITHIN...
RUDOLPH, ONCE AND FOR ALL, STOP HOUNDING ME! I WILL NOT MARRY YOU!
ARLENE, YOU'RE BEING UNREASONABLE! GOOD HEAVENS! HOW LONG CAN A WOMAN MOURN A DEAD HUSBAND?

AS THE DOOR OPENED, HENRY SCOOTED BACK INTO THE SHADOWS...
MAYBE I'LL MOURN CLYDE FOREVER... BUT THAT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS! IF IT WEREN'T FOR YOU HE'D BE ALIVE TODAY!
MY DEAR CHILD WILL YOU NEVER FORGIVE ME? IT WAS AN ACCIDENT! I'VE TRIED TO MAKE RETRIBUTION! I'VE GIVEN YOU A JOB... I WANT TO MARRY YOU!

BUT ARLENE SLAMMED THE DOOR AND STALKED AWAY BEFORE HENRY COULD HEAR THE REST OF RUDOLPH'S SPEECH. STILL DRIVEN BY A FORCE HE COULDN'T CONTROL, HENRY ENTERED THE KNIFE THROWER'S DRESSING ROOM WITHOUT KNOCKING...
HOW DARE YOU BARGE IN HERE! I...
LOOK AT ME!


HENRY'S PENETRATING STARE CAPTURED RUDOLPH'S EYES, AND SUDDENLY THE KNIFE THROWER HEARD HIMSELF BLUBBERING OUT A TERRIBLE SECRET... IN ANSWER TO AN UNSPOKEN QUESTION...
YES, I KILLED HIM... DELIBERATELY!

"HOW? WHY?" HENRY'S UNBENDING STARE DEMANDED. "HOW DID YOU KILL HIM? WHY DID YOU KILL HIM?"
I-I WAS PRACTICING WITH MY KNIFE... I PRETENDED THAT I DIDN'T SEE HIM WHEN HE WALKED ACROSS THE STAGE! THE POLICE WERE SUSPICIOUS BUT THEY COULDN'T PROVE ANYTHING! I HATED HIM.. HE SAID HE WOULD BE AVENGED!

AND AS HE HEARD RUDOLPH CONFESS TO THE MURDER OF ARLENE'S HUSBAND, HENRY KNEW AT LAST WHAT HE WANTED. HIS EYES WERE FILLED WITH FURY. HE SPOKE, NOT KNOWING WHY HE SAID THE WORDS, THEN, STILL BURNING WITH HATRED, HE TURNED AND WALKED FROM THE ROOM...
YOU WILL DO IT, ONLY WAIT UNTIL I HAVE LEFT THE THEATER
YES... YES...

AS HENRY ENTERED THE ALLEYWAY OUTSIDE THE STAGE DOOR, HE THOUGT OF WHAT HE HAD BEEN TOLD AND AT THE SAME TIME, ECHOING IN HIS EARS WAS A LAUGH... A HIDEOUS LAUGH... A LAUGH THAT COULD COME ONLY FROM THE BEYOND...

HA HAHAHA HA HA

HA HA HA

AND AS THE LAUGH SOUNDED, AND IT SENT A COLD SHIVER DOWN HENRY'S SPINE, A HORRIBLE THING HAPPENED. HENRY GRABBED AT HIS EYES, HIS VOICE SCREECHING HYSTERICALLY..

MY EYES! I CAN'T SEE! I'M BLIND AGAIN!

THE POLICE FOUND HIM STAGGERING HELPLESSLY IN THE ALLEYWAY AND TOOK HIM TO THE HOSPITAL...

GOOD HEAVENS, MAN, *WHAT HAPPENED?*

NEVER MIND THAT NOW... TELL ME, YOU'VE GOT TO TELL ME... *WHOSE EYES DID YOU GIVE ME?*

FOR AN INSTANT THE DOCTOR HESITATED, AND THEN HE REALIZED THAT HENRY'S MIND MIGHT CRACK IF HE DIDN'T ANSWER HIS QUESTION...

HIS NAME WAS *CLYDE BURKOFF!* HIS WIFE, ARLENE, DONATED HIS EYES TO THE HOSPITAL IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING HIS *ACCIDENTAL DEATH!*

TELL ME ONE THING MORE... WAS HE... WAS HE A *HYPNOTIST?*

YES, HE WAS. CLYDE BURKOFF WAS ONE OF THE *FINEST HYPNOTISTS* IN THE COUNTRY! BUT, HOW... HOW DID YOU KNOW?

HOW DID I KNOW? *THAT'S A LAUGH!* HOW DID I KNOW?

THE DOCTOR STARED AT HENRY IN BEWILDERMENT. HE WAS AFRAID TO GO NEAR THE BLIND MAN... AFRAID OF THE INTENSITY OF HIS EMOTION. BUT HE WAS INTERRUPTED A MINUTE LATER BY A VOICE FROM THE EMERGENCY WARD.

HEY, DOC! GOT A GUY HERE - HE COLLAPSED OVER AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS! IT SEEMS HE JUST WALKED IN AND CONFESSED TO DELIBERATELY KILLING THAT HYPNOTIST LAST YEAR!

AS THE DOCTOR LEFT THE ROOM, HENRY STARED WITH UNSEEING EYES UPWARD. NOW HE KNEW.. NOW HE UNDERSTOOD EVERYTHING...

I WAS *HYPNOTISING* ALL THOSE PEOPLE! HE GAVE ME A *YEAR OF SIGHT* IN EXCHANGE FOR GETTING RID OF *RUDOLPH!* OH I CAN SEE IT ALL NOW... I CAN *SEE IT ALL!*

HENRY DENTON LOST HIS SIGHT... IF THOUGHT FOREVER! AT RUDOLPH'S TRIAL HE HEARD THE SENTANCE BEING PASSED. AT THE VERY INSTANT RUDOLPH WAS PRONOUNCED GUILTY... HENRY'S EYESIGHT WAS *RESTORED!*

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UNCLE NED

I have known Uncle Ned all my life. He isn't really my uncle, but all of us kids in the neighborhood called him that. He had lived in the big grey house down by the turn in the road ever since any of us could remember — in fact he had been living there as long as anyone could remember. He was the town's oldest inhabitant, some folks even said that he had been a drummer boy in the civil war, but I don't think he is that old.

At least I didn't used to think he could be that old, but now I'm not so sure. It was last summer that I came back to town for a visit, first time in fifteen years. Thought it might be fun to see the old places and faces. It wasn't fun though, I found that out the first day. All of my childhood friends were either dead or had moved away. The few that were left weren't the friends I remembered from my youth. They were fortyish and too set in their ways and had a tendency to look down their noses at me. I took a walk to get away from them and found myself near the big grey house. On an impulse I climbed the crumbling stairs and rapped on the door. I was pretty sure he wasn't there so I gave a little start when the door popped open and there was Uncle Ned standing inside. He squinted at me over the tops of his old-fashioned, square glasses, then threw the door wide and motioned me inside.

"Well, well, if it isn't little Nicky Maglin. You've grown quite a bit since I saw you last, boy."

I suppose I had grown a bit since it was nineteen years since he saw me last, and I was a little surprised that he remembered me. I followed him to his musty library and sat down while he made tea on a little hotplate. I looked around the room, so unchanged after all these years.

"Uncle Ned, it's hard to believe that you remember me after all the time that has gone by. You must have quite a memory for faces."

"You're plumb right in that, boy," he said as he ladled tea out of an ancient crock. "Man gets to be as old as me, he has to develop a memory for faces. Otherwise they all start running together. You look like your Paw and he looked like his Paw — yet I could never get the three of you mixed up."

"Did you know my grandfather?" I blurted out. "Why he died over sixty-five years ago!"

"Did I know him! That's a good one, Nicky boy. Why I fought right beside him during most of the Civil War."

Right about then I began to feel that the old boy was pulling my leg, so I decided to play along with him. Nobody could be that old.

"If you knew him, maybe you knew my great grand-father. He fought in the War of 1812."

Uncle Ned thought for a second before he answered. "No . . . don't think I knew him, I was in Europe at the time. Was he ever in London?"

"Come now, Uncle Ned," I snorted, "The next thing you'll be telling me is that Ben Franklin gave you the glasses you're wearing!"

He looked startled for a moment, then took the glasses off and started polishing them. "That was right smart of you to notice, Nicky. They're old Ben's glasses all right. He didn't really give them to me though I borrowed them one time when we were in Paris on that mission and forgot to give them back. Had the lenses changed since then, though."

That really topped it. I got so angry then that I said the meanest thing that came into my head, said it with dripping irony.

"My, my, you sure have lived a long time, Uncle Ned. I suppose you were there and watched them build the pyramids!"

"Watch them!" He snorted the words with contempt as he pushed his gnarled old hands under my nose, "Just how do you think I got these scars on my hands! Rope burns, that's what they are. They never did heal right — probably that durned Egyptian sun. Lot of us got them hauling them great big stone blocks up the ramps."

I left soon after this, left Uncle Ned and left the town forever.

I still can't make up my mind, though. Uncle Ned is either the oldest man in the world or the biggest liar.

I guess there's no way of proving which one.

The End

HELLO, BOB - HAVE YOU FOUND THAT UNDERSEAS TREASURE?

HECK NO! THERE'S NO TREASURE DOWN HERE!

GIVEN!

BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN!

WE GIVE YOU CASH! OR PREMIUMS!

LOOK! LIVE PONY!

ACT NOW!

WHADDAYA WASTIN' YOUR TIME DOWN THERE FOR? LOOK AT MY NEW TREASURES!

GOSH, SAM! WHERE DID YOU GET THEM?

WHAT SAM TOLD THEM

- AND WITH EACH BOX OF THIS WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE, WE GIVE YOU A BEAUTIFUL ART PICTURE!

FINE! I'LL TAKE 2 BOXES, SAM -

ACT NOW

BOY! ALL THOSE SWELL PREMIUMS AS EASY AS THAT!

HURRY! LET'S SEND IN OUR COUPONS RIGHT AWAY!

THAT'S RIGHT, KIDS! IT'S AS EASY AS FALLING OFF A LOG!

ACT FAST!

LET'S GO!

MAIL COUPON NOW!

YOU GET BIG CATALOG

Candid Cameras with carrying case, Telescopes, Watches (sent ppd.) SIMPLY GIVE pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 35c a box (with picture). Alarm Clocks, Aluminum Ware, Billfolds, Bibles, Blankets, Movie Machines, Pen & Pencil Sets, Record Players, Roller Skates, Telescopes.

WE TRUST YOU!

OUR 59TH YEAR!

MAIL NOW!

Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. 20-N, Tyrone, Pa. Date _____

Gentlemen: Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pictures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 35c a box (with picture). I will remit amount asked within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with order, postage paid to me.

NAME _____ AGE _____

ST. _____ R. F. D. _____ BOX _____

TOWN _____ ZONE NO. _____ STATE _____

PRINT LAST NAME FIRST

Paste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today

OUR 59-YEAR WE ARE RELIABLE! MAIL

IT HAS BEEN SAID THAT "BEAUTY IS ONLY SKIN DEEP," BUT HOW TRUE IS THAT ADAGE DEAR READER? WHICH IS MORE IMPORTANT--A WOMAN'S FACE OR HER SOUL? WHERE DOES REAL BEAUTY LIE? COME WITH US ON ANOTHER JOURNEY INTO THE SPHERE OF THE SUPERNATURAL AS WE ATTEMPT TO ANSWER THE TIMELESS QUESTION...

WHAT PRICE BEAUTY?

LOOK AT THAT FACE! NOT EVEN A MOTHER COULD LOVE IT. HAHAHA! IS SHE HUMAN? THAT FACE BELONGS TO AN ANIMAL! HAHAHA! IF PEOPLE COULD BE ARRESTED FOR BEING UGLY, THAT DAME WOULD GET LIFE SENTENCE! HAHAHA!

UGLY

WHY, (SOB) WHY, DO I HAVE TO LOOK LIKE THIS! IT ISN'T FAIR! IT ISN'T FAIR! WHY CAN'T I BE BEAUTIFUL?

UGLY

UGLY

MR. & MRS. WEBB HAD WHAT MIGHT BE SYMPATHETICALLY CALLED AN UNFORTUNATE FACE. TO PUT IT BLUNTLY DEAR READERS, CARLA WAS JOLLY VERY UGLY. EVEN AS A CHILD, SHE'D BEEN TORMENTED BECAUSE OF HER FACE...

MOMMIE, MOMMIE, THE OTHER KIDS (SOB) WON'T PLAY WITH ME! T-THEY SAY I'M TOO...TOO UGLY!

OH, CARLA, CARLA, MY POOR BABY!

PERHAPS IF CARLA'S PARENTS HAD BEEN WELL TO DO, PLASTIC SURGERY MIGHT HAVE CHANGED HER LIFE. BUT AS IT WAS, THEY WERE POOR, AND CARLA GREW INTO WOMANHOOD WITH THE SAME HOMELY FEATURES. WHEN SHE WAS TWENTY, SHE LEFT HOME AND WENT TO NEW YORK, IN THE HOPE THAT HER FACE MIGHT GO UNNOTICED IN THE LARGE METROPOLIS. BUT, OF COURSE, IT DIDN'T. SHE EVEN HAD DIFFICULTY GETTING A JOB...

SORRY, NO OPENINGS.

SHE FINALLY ENDED UP WORKING AS A WAITRESS IN A CHEAP DINER ON MANHATTAN'S LOWER EAST SIDE. THERE WAS NOTHING WRONG WITH CARLA'S FIGURE. AND WHEN VIEWED FROM THE REAR, TO TWO REPORTERS SHE LOOKED ATTRACTIVE..

HEY, FRED, LOOK AT THOSE LEGS!

YOU SAID IT, BOY! I'M GOING TO ASK HER FOR A DATE!

BUT OF COURSE WHEN CARLA TURNED AROUND HER POTENTIAL DATE'S INTEREST TURNED FROM ADMIRATION TO DERISION ...

HA HA! THERE SHE IS FRED... SHE'S ALL YOURS!

UGH! PARDON ME.. I JUST REMEMBER A VERY IMPORTANT APPOINTMENT! HOLY COW, DID YOU SEE THAT FACE!

AS THE YEARS PASSED, CARLA'S SORROW TURNED TO HATRED. SHE HATED MEN. HATED THE WAY THEY MADE HER FEEL. SHE VOWED THAT IF SHE EVER HAD THE CHANCE, SHE WOULD SOMEDAY GET REVENGE..

SOMEDAY THEY'LL PAY... I DON'T KNOW HOW OR WHEN BUT SOMEDAY.. MR REPORTER!

IT WAS RIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS WHEN CARLA WANDERED INTO NEW YORK'S CHINATOWN BY ACCIDENT. CHRISTMAS ALWAYS MADE HER MISERABLE ALWAYS MADE HER MORE AWARE OF HER LONELY EXISTENCE ...

OTHER PEOPLE ARE HAPPY... OTHER PEOPLE CAN SMILE ... WHY MUST I BE DOOMED TO A LIFE OF UGLINESS!

AS SHE STOOD STARING INTO THE WINDOW OF A CURIO SHOP HER EYES FILLED WITH TEARS, SHE WASN'T AWARE OF THE MAN WHO CAME TO THE DOOR OF THE SHOP...

YOUNG GIRL SHOULD NOT CRY AT TIME OF HOLIDAY, YOUNG GIRL SHOULD BE HAPPY.

HAPPY? THAT'S A LAUGH..

THE BITTER WORDS WERE OUT ALMOST BEFORE CARLA REALIZED THAT SHE'D SAID THEM. SHE LOOKED AT THE GENTLE-FACED ORIENTAL AND THEN SHE STARTED AWAY IN EMBARRASSMENT..

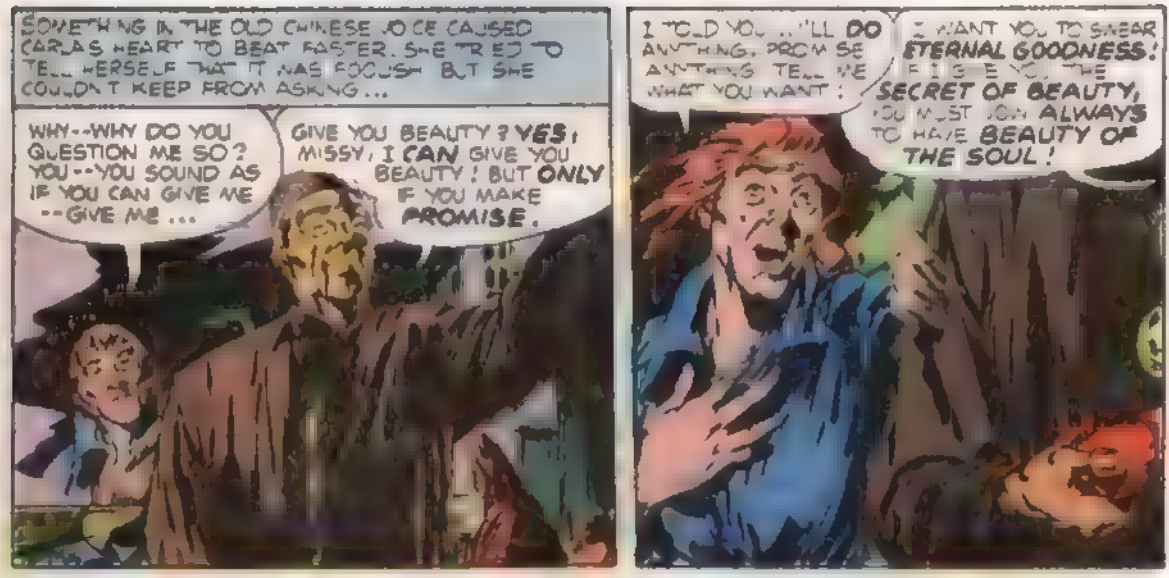
DO NOT GO. PERHAPS I CAN HELP YOU.

YOU CAN'T HELP ME. NOBODY CAN HELP ME! CAN YOU MAKE ME LESS HIDEOUS? CAN YOU MAKE ME POPULAR OR...

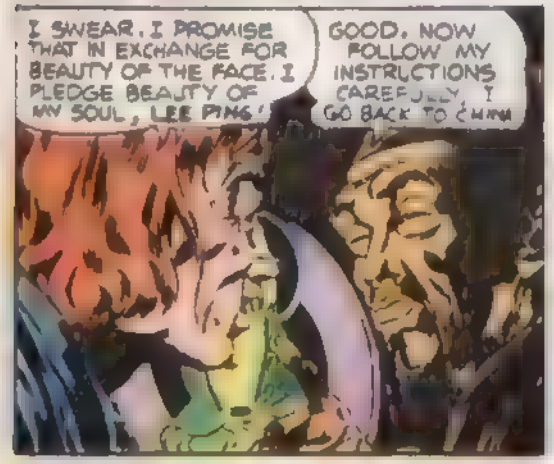
SHE SUDDENLY BURST INTO LONG RACKING SOBS, AND THE OLD MAN LED HER INTO HIS SHOP. IT WAS FILLED WITH ANCIENT CHINESE CHARMS AND ORNAMENTS AND THE SMELL OF BURNING INCENSE ..

WHAT IS IT WORTH TO YOU TO GAIN BEAUTY? WHAT PRICE ARE YOU WILLING TO PAY?

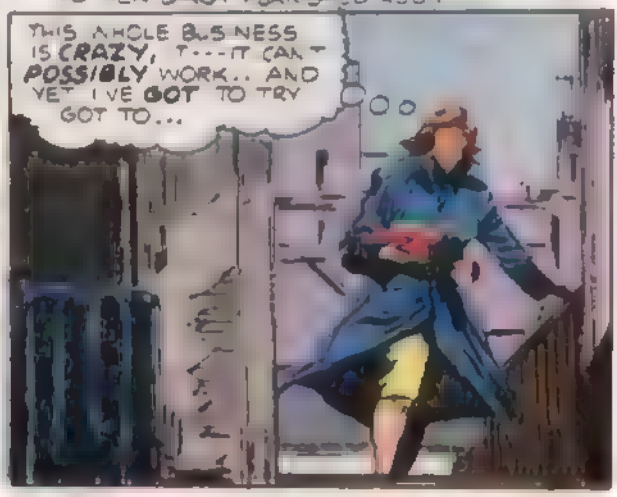
ANYTHING! ANYTHING!



CARLA FELT AN ALMOST HYSTERICAL LAUGHTER CHOKE UP IN HER THROAT "BEAUTY OF THE SOUL" "GOODNESS. WHAT COULD BE EASIER? SHE LOOKED DEEP INTO THE LITTLE ORIENTALS EYES, AND THE VOW WAS MADE...



HE HANDED HER A SMALL PACKAGE WRAPPED IN NEWSPAPER AND A BOX OF INCENSE. MINUTES LATER CARLA WAS HURRYING ALONG THE STREET TO HER DINGY FURNISHED ROOM



ONCE INSIDE THE ROOM, SHE LIGHTED THE INCENSE AND WAITED UNTIL THE THICK, SWEET ODOR FILLED HER NOSTRILS. THEN SHE UNWRAPPED THE PACKAGE.. IT CONTAINED A MIRROR

SUDDENLY A SHRILL SCREAM RENT THE AIR OF THE TINY ROOM AND A FLASH OF LIGHT SEEMED TO EXPLODE FROM WITHIN THE MIRROR. CARLA SAT, HER FACE CRADLED IN HER HANDS...

BUT SLOWLY AS THE BURNING SENSATION SUBSIDED CARLA STAGGERED TO HER FEET AND RAN TO THE LARGE MIRROR WHICH HUNG ABOVE HER BUREAU ..
I-IT WORKED! I'M BEAUTIFUL! BEAUTIFUL!
YES THE MIRROR HAD DONE ITS JOB WELL. CARLA WAS INDEED BEAUTIFUL. FROM THAT NIGHT ON, HER LIFE CHANGED COMPLETELY. INSTEAD OF WORKING AS A WAITRESS SHE BECAME A MODEL.
THAT'S IT, CARLA BIG SMILE! KID, YOU'RE THE BEST LOOKING GAL TO HIT NEW YORK IN YEARS. YOU'RE GOING TO KNOCK 'EM DEAD!
THAT'S MUSIC TO MY EARS PHIL.
THE UGLY DUCKLING BECAME THE BEAUTIFUL SWAN AND CARLA'S NEW FOUND GLAMOR BOUGHT HER EVERY-THING SHE'D ALWAYS DREAMED OF. SHE WAS THE RAGE OF NEW YORK ATE AND DINED LIKE A QUEEN ...
SHE DATED ONLY THE MOST HANDSOME MEN ...UNTIL SHE MET GIL TURNER, A REPORTER SENT FROM A FASHION MAGAZINE TO INTERVIEW HER. SOMETHING IN GIL'S PLAIN, UNATTRACTIVE FACE SEEMED TO FASCINATE HER ...
I GUESS THAT SHOULD SATISFY OUR READERS. THANKS MISS WEBB.
WAIT, MR. TURNER. DON'T GO YET. STAY AND HAVE A DRINK.
AS THEY TALKED OVER A HIGHBALL, CARLA FELT AN OLD FAMILIAR FEELING SWELL UP IN HER HEART... NO, DEAR READER, NOT LOVE...HATE. NEITHER BEAUTY NOR SUCCESS HAD HEALED CARLA'S WISH FOR VENGEANCE, AGAINST REPORTERS...
MR. TURNER...GIL, I WONDER IF I COULD PERSUADE YOU TO BE MY ESCORT AT THE THEATRE TONIGHT?
PERSUADE, ME?
IT ISN'T OFTEN AN UGLY GUY LIKE ME GETS A CHANCE TO TAKE OUT THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN NEW YORK. I-I FEEL VERY HONORED, MISS WEBB ...CARLA.
FINE, GIL. FINE.
BUT THERE WAS NO GOODNESS IN CARLA'S HEART, AS SHE DRESSED FOR HER DATE THAT NIGHT. MEN HAD SCORNED HER, LAUGHED AT HER, AND HERE WAS HER CHANCE FOR REVENGE.
I'VE WAITED FOR THIS OPPORTUNITY FOR YEARS...AND NOW GIL TURNER IS GOING TO SUFFER AS I SUFFERED! HA!

AS SHE LEFT THE BEDROOM THAT NIGHT CARLA PICKED UP THE CHINESE MIRROR AND LAUGHED SMUGLY. HER VOW OF GOODNESS WAS MEANINGLESS TO HER NOW.

BEAUTY OF SOUL... WHAT A JOKE! THERE'S ONLY ONE KIND OF BEAUTY THAT MATTERS AND NOW THAT WE GOT IT NOTHING ELSE COUNTS I WANT REVENGE... AND I'M GOING TO GET IT! ANYWAY, LEE PING IS IN CHINA!

GIL TURNER LOST HIS HEART TO CARLA WITHIN A FEW SHORT HOURS. SHE COULDN'T HAVE BEEN MORE CHARMING MORE LOVELY THEY WENT DANCING AFTER THE THEATER...

I'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER THIS NIGHT, CARLA I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU... NEVER!

YOU SOUND AS IF WE'RE NOT GOING TO SEE EACH OTHER AGAIN GIL I WAS HOPING YOU'D HAVE DINNER WITH ME TOMORROW NIGHT!

CARLA I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU'D WANT TO SEE A GUY LIKE ME... BUT AS LONG AS YOU DO I'LL JUST KEEP ON FLOATING.

HONEY, I'M CRAZY ABOUT YOU.

THAT'S RIGHT, IDIOT... FALL FOR ME HARD!

CARLA DATED GIL EVERY NIGHT FOR A MONTH, AND EACH NIGHT THE HOMELY YOUNG MAN FELL MORE AND MORE IN LOVE WITH HER. IT WAS A SOFT APRIL EVENING WHEN HE GATHERED HIS COURAGE TOGETHER AND PROPOSED..

OH CARLA, CARLA I LOVE YOU SO..

DEAR SWEET, GIL.

MARRY ME, CARLA. PLEASE DARLING MARRY ME!

MARRY YOU... HAHAHA.... MARRY YOU?

GIL DREW BACK IN HORROR AS CARLAS PIERCING LAUGHTER ECHOED THROUGH THE NIGHT. SHE WAS LAUGHING AT HIM, SNEERING AT HIM...

CARLA IN THE NAME OF HEAVEN, STOP LAUGHING! WHAT'S SO FUNNY ABOUT ME ASKING YOU TO MARRY ME?

BECAUSE HAHAHA, I WOULDN'T MARRY YOU IF YOU WERE THE LAST MAN ON EARTH! HAHAHA!

B-BUT THESE LAST WEEKS YOU'VE... YOU'VE... WHY CARLA? WHY WON'T YOU MARRY ME?

BECAUSE YOU'RE UGLY! YOU'RE HIDEOUS! UGLY! UGLY! UGLY!

AT HER WORDS GIL REELED BACK HIS FACE DISTORTED WITH PAIN AND SUFFERING. SHE'D STRUCK AT THE VERY CORE OF HIS BEING AND AS HE STUMBLED OUT OF THE APARTMENT HE LOOKED LIKE A MAN WHOSE HEART HAD BEEN CUT OUT...

Y-YOU'VE GOT A BEAUTIFUL FACE CARLA B-BUT INSIDE YOU'RE CRUEL AND VICIOUS, INSIDE YOU'RE UGLY

GET OUT OF HERE.. AND DON'T EVER LET ME SEE YOUR UGLY FACE AGAIN

GIL LEFT AND CARLA WALKED INTO THE BEDROOM. SHE PICKED UP THE CHINESE MIRROR AND SHE FELT A SURGING GLOW OF TRIUMPH. SHE'D WON... SHE'D HAD HER REVENGE...

NOW GIL'S SUFFERING AS I SUFFERED.. AND I'M GLAD! GLAD! THE MIRROR HAS BROUGHT ME BEAUTY... AND WITH BEAUTY I CAN HAVE MY REVENGE!

IT WAS THE FOLLOWING MORNING WHEN CARLA LEARNED THAT GIL TURNER WAS DEAD. THE NEWSPAPERS CALLED IT A "STRANGE ACCIDENT," BUT CARLA KNEW BETTER...

HE WANTED TO DIE!

A MAGAZINE WRITER CRASHES INTO A TREE IN A LONG SLANG POLE-VAULT TO UNDERSTAND CAUSE OF ACCIDENT. THE DRIVER GIL TURNER HAS NOT DRINKING STREETS NOT SLIPPERY. CAR IN GOOD WORKING ORDER...

BUT GIL'S "UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT" DIDN'T CAUSE CARLA ANY SORROW. INSTEAD SHE GLOATED EVEN MORE. SHE COULDN'T RESIST ATTENDING HIS FUNERAL...

HA! MY BEAUTY MAY BE ONLY SKIN DEEP... BUT GIL'S UGLINESS WILL BE SIX FEET DEEP! HAHAHA!

ASHES TO ASHES...

AS CARLA WYARDLY LAUGHED AT HER OWN VICIOUS HUMOR A LOUD CLAP OF THUNDER FILLED THE AIR, AND AT HOME IN HER APARTMENT THE CHINESE MIRROR FELL TO THE FLOOR WITH A CRASH... AND FROM IT CAME THE FIGURE OF LEE PING.

CRASH

SUDDENLY THE QUIET OF THE CEMETERY WAS BROKEN BY A LONG AGONIZED SCREAM, AND CARLA WEBB CLUTCHED AT HER FACE...

YAHHHHHH

WH-WHAT'S WRONG WITH HER? M-MISS WEBB WHAT IS IT?

CARLA'S HANDS CAME AWAY FROM HER FACE SLOWLY, AND ONCE AGAIN, HER FEATURES WERE UGLY AND DISTORTED. SHE LOOKED UPWARD, AND THERE STOOD LEE PING, STRANGELY TRANSPORTED FROM CHINA...

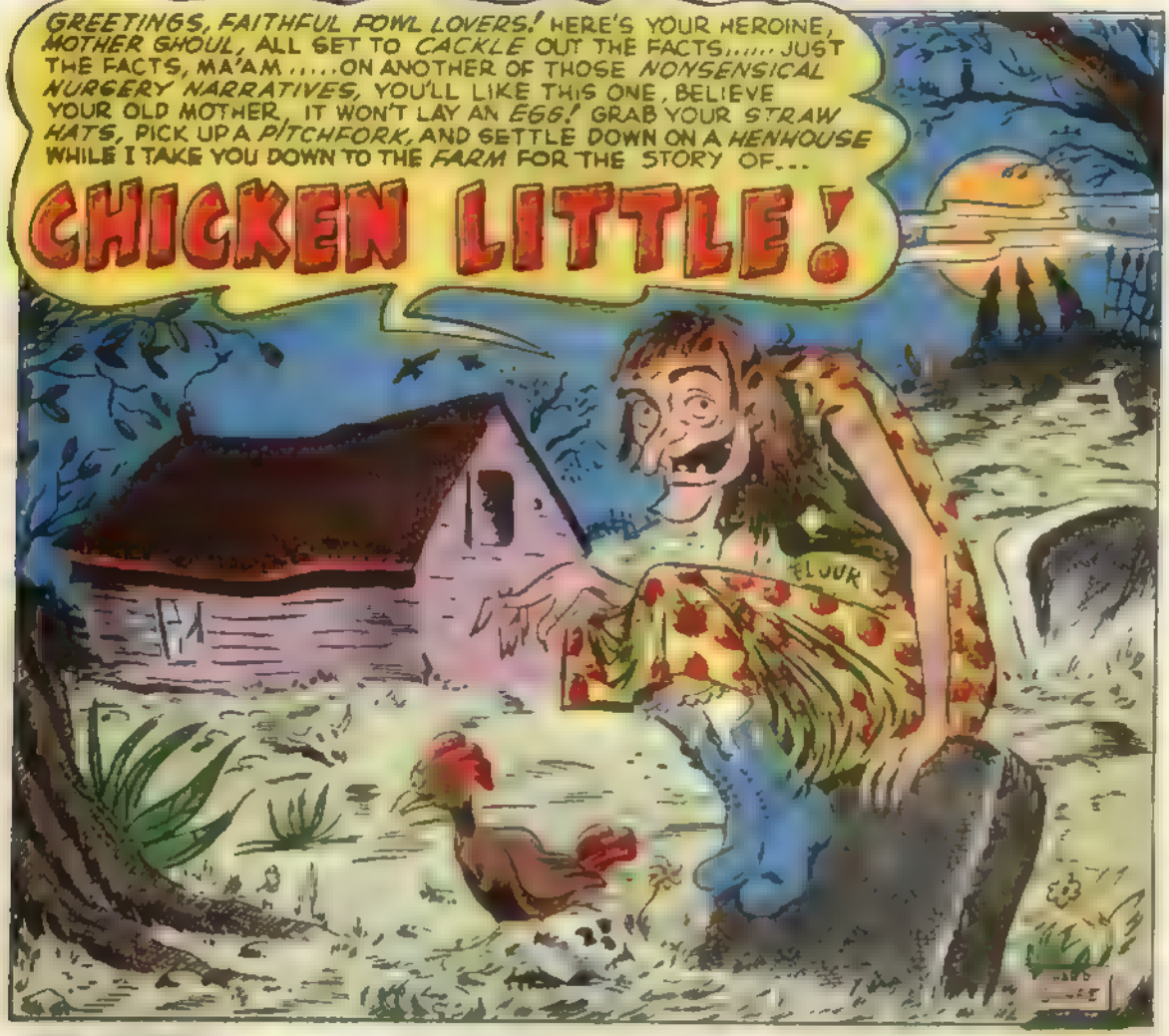
MISSY NO KEEP PROMISE... MISSY NO LONGER KEEP BEAUTY!

NO! NO! PLEASE!

Mother Ghoul's NURSERY TALES

GREETINGS, FAITHFUL FOWL LOVERS! HERE'S YOUR HEROINE, MOTHER GHOUL, ALL SET TO CACKLE OUT THE FACTS..... JUST THE FACTS, MA'AM.....ON ANOTHER OF THOSE NONSENSICAL NURSERY NARRATIVES, YOU'LL LIKE THIS ONE, BELIEVE YOUR OLD MOTHER, IT WON'T LAY AN EGG! GRAB YOUR STRAW HATS, PICK UP A PITCHFORK, AND SETTLE DOWN ON A HENHOUSE WHILE I TAKE YOU DOWN TO THE FARM FOR THE STORY OF...

CHICKEN LITTLE!



NOW, TO BEGIN WITH, LET'S GET ONE THING SETTLED RIGHT AWAY..... CHICKEN LITTLE WAS NOT A CHICKEN! SILLY STORY TELLERS GOT EVERYTHING MIXED UP..... YOU SEE, THERE ONCE WAS THIS CHICK..... CHICK LITTLE WAS HER NAME....

AS YOU CAN SEE, CHICK WAS SOOOME CHICK! BUT ALTHOUGH SHE HAD AN EXCESS OF BEAUTY, SHE HAD AN ABSENCE OF BRAINS. THE REAL STORY OF CHICK LITTLE BEGAN ON THE DAY SHE SAT UNDER THE OLD OAK TREE ON HER PAPA'S FARM.....

YES, T'WAS A SHAME, BUT LET'S FACE IT, CHICK WAS NO QUIZ KID. WHEN THE ACORN FROM THE OAK TREE DROPPED ON HER NOGGIN, SHE LET OUT A SCREAM.....

OH, HEAVENS, T'IS AS I FEARED. THE SKY IS FALLING A PIECE OF IT JUST *HIT MY HEAD!*

CHICK LEAPED TO HER FEET AND RUSHED TO THE FIELDS WHERE HER PAPA WAS WORKING, CAREFULLY CULTIVATING A NEW CROP OF *MILKWEED*.....

-CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! WHY WON'T IT GROW..... **WHY?**

OH, PAPA, SAVE THYSELF, DEAR MAN. THE SKY..... **IT'S FALLING!**

WHILE PERHAPS NOT THE BRIGHTEST MAN ALIVE, PAPA LITTLE WAS CLEVER ENOUGH TO REALIZE THAT THERE WAS SOMETHING WRONG WITH HIS DAUGHTER'S REASONING ——

WHAT MADNESS IS THIS, YOU DRIVELING IDIOT? HOW CAN THE *SKY FALL??*

I DON'T KNOW, ADORED PAPA... BUT IT IS—A PIECE OF IT JUST FELL ON MY HEAD—*SAVE ME!!*

PAPA LITTLE WAS A PATIENT MAN, BUT HE'D INVESTED A A FORTUNE IN PRIVATE SCHOOLS, TUTORS, DOCTORS, AND SUCH LIKE, BUT ALL TO NO AVAIL. CHICK WAS STILL A MORON. NOW HIS PATIENCE WAS EXHAUSTED.....

GO-GOOOO, MAN-ER. CHICK! SCAT, VAMOOSE, HIT THE ROAD, BEAT IT! SCRAM! TAKE OFF! I DON'T *EVER* WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN

OOP

BUT AFTER KICKING CHICK OFF THE FARM, PAPA SAT DOWN IN THE FIELDS AND *CRIED*.....

WHY WON'T IT GROW... WHY? WHY??

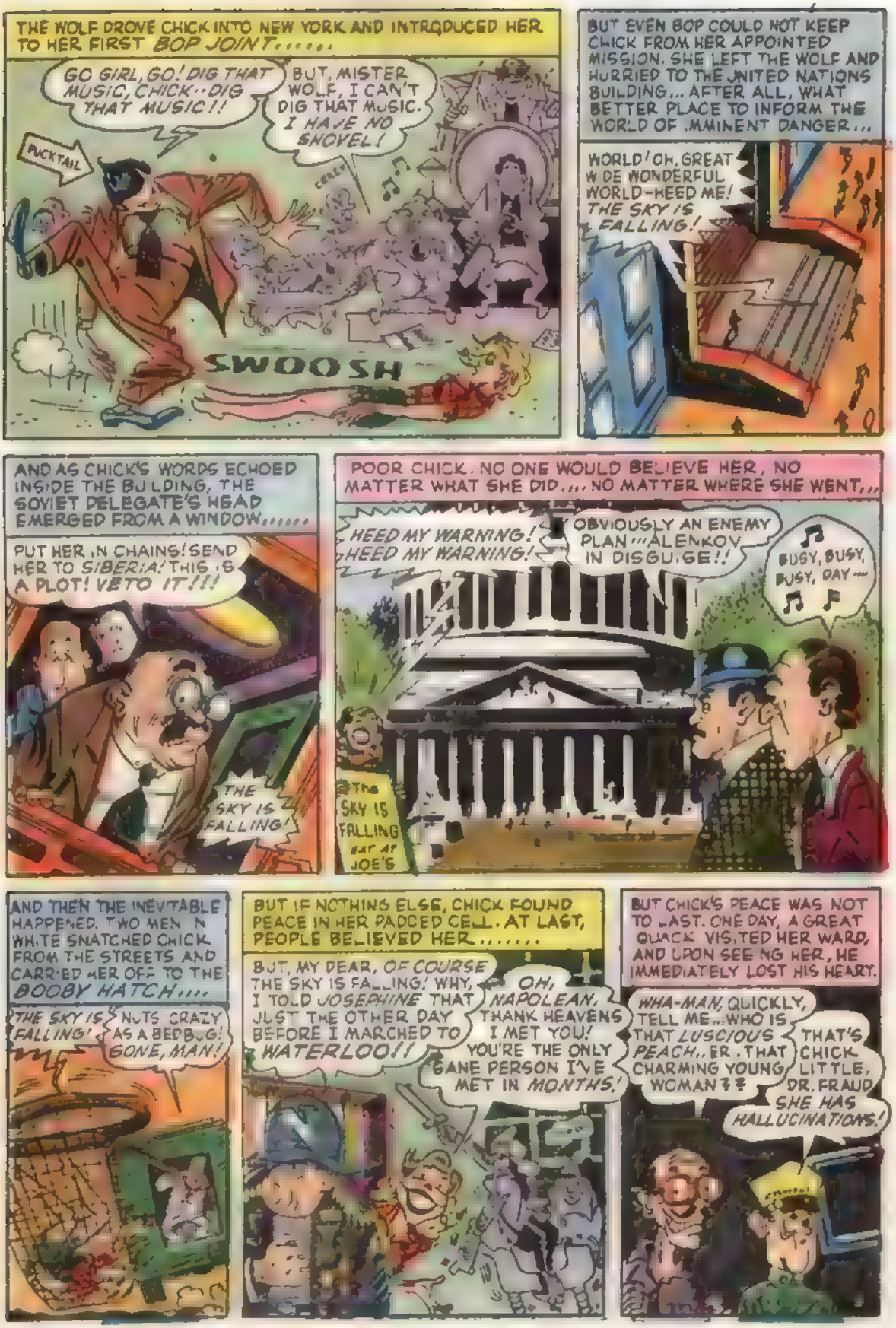
CHICK FOUND HERSELF ON THE HIGHWAY, SLIGHTLY THE WORST FOR WEAR, BUT DETERMINED TO CARRY HER MESSAGE OF WARNING TO OTHERS .....

DEAR SWEET, GENTLE PAPA. *HE LOVES ME SO..* BUT I MUST BREAK HIS HEART AND LEAVE THE FARM..IT IS MY DUTY TO WARN THE WORLD THAT THE *SKY IS FALLING!*

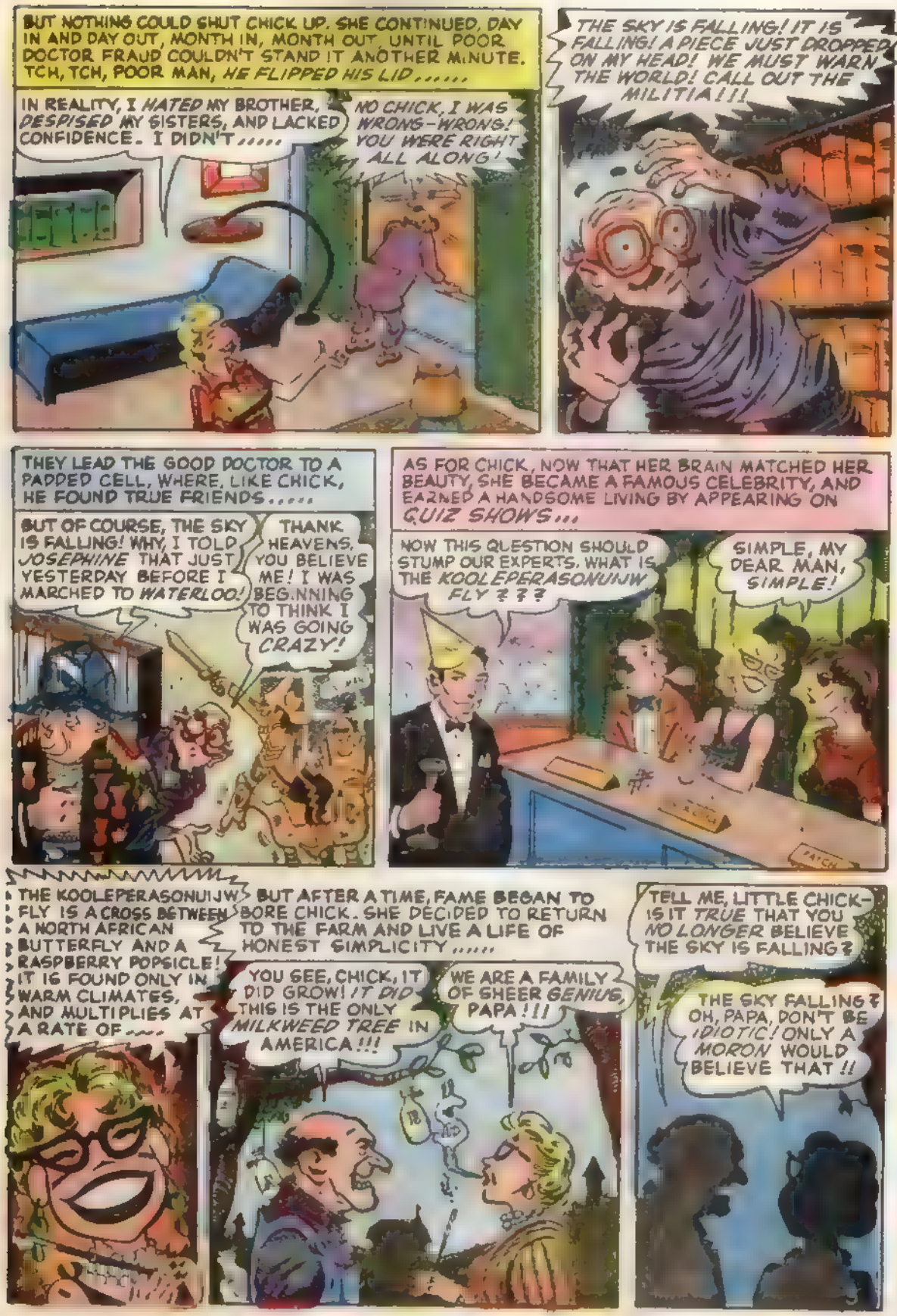
CHICK TRUDGED ALONG THE HIGHWAY WEARILY... BUT AS SHE NEARED THE OUTSKIRTS OF A TOWN, SHE WAS OFFERED A RIDE. POOR CHICK, SHE WAS TOO NAIVE TO REALIZE THAT THE MAN IN THE CAR WAS A *WOLF*.....

ZZOOOWIE.... HOW ABOUT IT, CHICK... WANT A LIFT??

OH, YES, THAT WOULD BE LOVELY! BUT TELL ME... *HOW DID YOU KNOW MY NAME??*


THE WOLF DROVE CHICK INTO NEW YORK AND INTRODUCED HER TO HER FIRST BOP JOINT.....
GO GIRL, GO! DIG THAT MUSIC, CHICK.. DIG THAT MUSIC!!
BUT, MISTER WOLF, I CAN'T DIG THAT MUSIC. I HAVE NO SHOVEL!
DUCKTAIL
CRAZY
SWOOSH
BUT EVEN BOP COULD NOT KEEP CHICK FROM HER APPOINTED MISSION. SHE LEFT THE WOLF AND HURRIED TO THE UNITED NATIONS BUILDING... AFTER ALL, WHAT BETTER PLACE TO INFORM THE WORLD OF IMMINENT DANGER...
WORLD! OH, GREAT W DE WONDERFUL WORLD-HEED ME! THE SKY IS FALLING!
AND AS CHICK'S WORDS ECHOED INSIDE THE BUILDING, THE SOVIET DELEGATE'S HEAD EMERGED FROM A WINDOW.....
PUT HER IN CHAINS! SEND HER TO SIBERIA! THIS IS A PLOT! VETO IT!!!
THE SKY IS FALLING!
POOR CHICK. NO ONE WOULD BELIEVE HER, NO MATTER WHAT SHE DID.... NO MATTER WHERE SHE WENT...
HEED MY WARNING! HEED MY WARNING!
OBVIOUSLY AN ENEMY PLAN!!! ALENKOV IN DISGUISE!!
BUSY, BUSY, BUSY, DAY---
The SKY IS FALLING EAT AT JOE'S
AND THEN THE INEVITABLE HAPPENED. TWO MEN IN WHITE SNATCHED CHICK FROM THE STREETS AND CARRIED HER OFF TO THE BOOBY HATCH....
THE SKY IS FALLING!
NUTS CRAZY AS A BEDBUG! GONE, MAN!
BUT IF NOTHING ELSE, CHICK FOUND PEACE IN HER PADDED CELL. AT LAST, PEOPLE BELIEVED HER.....
BUT, MY DEAR, OF COURSE THE SKY IS FALLING! WHY, I TOLD JOSEPHINE THAT JUST THE OTHER DAY BEFORE I MARCHED TO WATERLOO!!
OH, NAPOLEAN, THANK HEAVENS I MET YOU! YOU'RE THE ONLY SANE PERSON I'VE MET IN MONTHS!
BUT CHICK'S PEACE WAS NOT TO LAST. ONE DAY, A GREAT QUACK VISITED HER WARD, AND UPON SEEING HER, HE IMMEDIATELY LOST HIS HEART.
WHA-MAN, QUICKLY, TELL ME...WHO IS THAT LUSCIOUS PEACH.. ER. THAT CHARMING YOUNG WOMAN??
THAT'S CHICK LITTLE, DR. FRAUD SHE HAS HALLUCINATIONS!

NONSENSE, MY MAN! HALLUCINATIONS.... PHOOEY! THE GREAT DR. FRAUD WILL CURE THIS LUSCIOUS PEACH... ER CHARMING YOUNG WOMAN!!
DR FRAUD WAS THE BIGGEST PHONY IN THE WORLD.. (NO RELATION TO REAL DOCTORS OF ANY KIND) HE BEGAN HIS TREATMENTS ON CHICK THE FOLLOWING DAY....
WE CALL THIS SHOCK TREATMENT, MY DEAR!
SHOCK TREATMENT? BOUNCING MY HEAD ON THE FLOOR??
BUT THE DOCTOR'S INTENTIONS WERE STRICTLY HONORABLE. HE LOVED CHICK, AND HOPED THAT HE COULD RESTORE HER SANITY IN ORDER TO MARRY HER.....
NOW JUST TELL ME EVERYTHING THAT COMES TO YOUR MIND, MY DEAR!!
LOBSTER SOUP
CLARK BAGLE
THE SKY IS FALLING
RED CABBAGE
GREGORY PICK
BUT, OF COURSE, THAT'S IT! NOW I KNOW WHY YOU THINK THE SKY IS FALLING! ELEMENTARY, MY DEAR CHICK, ELEMENTARY!!!!
SURE, IT'S SIMPLE, BUT NOBODY WOULD BELIEVE ME! A PIECE OF THE SKY DROPPED ON MY HEAD AND....
NO, NO, MY DEAR, THAT'S NOT WHY AT ALL! THE REASON IS THAT YOU'RE SECRETLY IN LOVE WITH CLARK BAGLE AS A CHILD YOU HATED RED CABBAGE, AND WHEN YOUR MOTHER FORCED YOU TO EAT LOBSTER SOUP, YOUR UNCONSCIOUS WENT INTO REBELLION! THUS WHEN YOU DREAMED OF GREGORY PICK, YOU THOUGHT THE SKY WAS FALLING! SIMPLE, EH?
THE SHOCK OF HAVING HER SUBCONCIOUS REVEALED, WAS TOO MUCH FOR CHICK AND SHE FAINTED....
GAD ZOOKS, IT'S TOO PAINFUL TO REMEMBER THOSE AWFUL MEMORIES I SHALL SWOON AND TRY TO BLACK THEM OUT!
BUT WHEN SHE RECOVERED FROM THE INITIAL SHOCK, CHICK WAS DELIGHTED TO HAVE LOST HER NEUROSIS. IN FACT, SHE COULD TALK OF NOTHING ELSE.....
YOU'RE RIGHT, IT'S PERFECTLY SIMPLE I WAS SUFFERING FROM ACUTE PARANOIA, COUPLED WITH A LOBSTER FIXATION, AND BASIC INSECURITY!! MY PEDIPUS COMPLEX WAS UNRESOLVED AND.....
SHUT UP.... SOB SNIFF SHUT UP!!
GEORGE


BUT NOTHING COULD SHUT CHICK UP. SHE CONTINUED, DAY IN AND DAY OUT, MONTH IN, MONTH OUT, UNTIL POOR DOCTOR FRAUD COULDN'T STAND IT ANOTHER MINUTE. TCH, TCH, POOR MAN, HE FLIPPED HIS LID .....
IN REALITY, I HATED MY BROTHER, DESPISED MY SISTERS, AND LACKED CONFIDENCE. I DIDN'T .....
NO CHICK, I WAS WRONG-WRONG! YOU WERE RIGHT ALL ALONG!
THE SKY IS FALLING! IT IS FALLING! A PIECE JUST DROPPED ON MY HEAD! WE MUST WARN THE WORLD! CALL OUT THE MILITIA!!!
THEY LEAD THE GOOD DOCTOR TO A PADDED CELL, WHERE, LIKE CHICK, HE FOUND TRUE FRIENDS .....
BUT OF COURSE, THE SKY IS FALLING! WHY, I TOLD JOSEPHINE THAT JUST YESTERDAY BEFORE I MARCHED TO WATERLOO!
THANK HEAVENS, YOU BELIEVE ME! I WAS BEGINNING TO THINK I WAS GOING CRAZY!
AS FOR CHICK, NOW THAT HER BRAIN MATCHED HER BEAUTY, SHE BECAME A FAMOUS CELEBRITY, AND EARNED A HANDSOME LIVING BY APPEARING ON QUIZ SHOWS...
NOW THIS QUESTION SHOULD STUMP OUR EXPERTS. WHAT IS THE KOOLEPERASONUIJW FLY ? ? ?
SIMPLE, MY DEAR MAN, SIMPLE!
THE KOOLEPERASONUIJW FLY IS A CROSS BETWEEN A NORTH AFRICAN BUTTERFLY AND A RASPBERRY POPSICLE! IT IS FOUND ONLY IN WARM CLIMATES, AND MULTIPLIES AT A RATE OF ....
BUT AFTER A TIME, FAME BEGAN TO BORE CHICK. SHE DECIDED TO RETURN TO THE FARM AND LIVE A LIFE OF HONEST SIMPLICITY .....
YOU SEE, CHICK, IT DID GROW! IT DID THIS IS THE ONLY MILKWEED TREE IN AMERICA!!!
WE ARE A FAMILY OF SHEER GENIUS, PAPA!!!
TELL ME, LITTLE CHICK- IS IT TRUE THAT YOU NO LONGER BELIEVE THE SKY IS FALLING?
THE SKY FALLING? OH, PAPA, DON'T BE IDIOTIC! ONLY A MORON WOULD BELIEVE THAT!!

ON THE FOLLOWING DAY, CHICK SEATED HERSELF UNDER THE OLD OAK TREE, PLANNING TO SPEND A HAPPY AFTERNOON BROWSING THROUGH..... EINSTEIN'S THEORY OF RELATIVITY.....
BUT NATURALLY, ANY FOOL KNOWS THAT 'X' EQUALS THE TOTAL SUM OF QWXZUYYIUYZX! WHY ON EARTH CAN'T PEOPLE UNDERSTAND ANYTHING SO SIMPLE??
SHE READ UNTIL AFTER DARK, ABSORBED IN THE THICK VOLUMES NOTHING DISTURBED HER... NOT EVEN THE STRANGE OBJECT WHICH SUDDENLY LANDED AT HER FEET.....
LOOK AT THAT STRANGE AND UNEARTHLY THING, IF I HADN'T BEEN CURED OF MY OBSESSION I WOULD PROBABLY SAY THAT IT WAS PART OF THE SKY FALLING!
PLOP
EVEN WHEN THE STRANGE OBJECTS HIT HER ON THE HEAD SHE PAID THEM NO HEED, FOR SHE KNEW BETTER....
OUCH! THOSE ACORNS ARE GETTING BIGGER EVERY YEAR... THEY ARE ACORNS OF COURSE!!
SONK
WHEN PAPA LITTLE RUSHED TOWARD HER, SCREAMING AND GIBBERING AND POINTING AT THE SKY, SHE ONLY SNIFFED AND IGNORED HIM...
CH-CH-CHICK! QUICK, QUICK, QUICK! THE SKY IS FALLING! IT'S COMING RIGHT DOWN ON TOP OF US! RUN AND HIDE!!
OH, PAPA..... REALLY! HOW RIDICULOUS!! THEY'RE ONLY ACORNS!!
POOR CHICK, SHE KNEW THE SKY COULDN'T FALL, SHE LAUGHED AT HER FATHER'S SILLY IDEA AS THE SKY FELL DOWN! CLOSER AND CLOSER! SHE LAUGHED AS THE PLANET MARS DROPPED TOWARDS THE GROUND... SHE WAS STILL LAUGHING WHEN THE LONG, RUBBERY, GREEN ARMS OF THE MARTIANS REACHED OUT FOR HER.....
WHAT A FOOLISH IDEA... ONLY A SIMPLETON WOULD THINK THAT THE SKY IS FALLING HA-HA-HA-HA-HA
BLLZYK, ROMMMSTXYSSS!
TWYTCH-KYPYTCHKY
THE END

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ANCIENT MAGIC

It was one of those beautiful days in late October. The crisp breeze carried the first fallen leaves down the narrow street past the thin garret building where Klet lived. These were prosperous times for everyone in medieval Transylvania and Klet the alchemist shared the joy with his fellow men.

Fifteen years ago Klet had been left as part of a legacy a volume of Saracen magical lore reputedly of great authenticity. By diligent effort Klet had succeeded in translating the early chapters of the volume. These chapters were devoted to the raising of lesser level demons and how to put their talents to best use. It had taken so long to translate only part of the ancient Sanskrit that Klet, now a very old man, felt that he could not wait to translate the rest. He might pass on before this was accomplished and so many, many things were as yet undone.

Accordingly Klet prepared on his cold floor the special geometric diagram described by the Sanskrit. Into the middle went certain standard ingredients: evenly mixed unicorn horn dust and dehydrated hippogriff hide, six blonde hairs of an urban wine maiden, vomerine teeth of the night living salamander and several elixirs long since forgotten to the memory of man.

Instantly a cold yellow light glowed in the dank room and in the middle of the pattern appeared a lean dark figure dressed in evening clothes, clothes as yet undreamed of.

"Ye Gods," said the figure. "To think that you have just sucked me way from the best house party that the twentieth century has ever seen. Speak your piece and be done so that I may return quickly to that glorious party."

In a very authoritative tone for someone calling up his first demon Klet commanded his visitor to identify himself and state what his powers were.

"I am Sax, second category spirit at the moment assigned to matters other than your wishes," said the demon. "Since you were so rude as to dematerialize me without the customary fifteen minutes notice I feel obliged only to accord your wish with proviso. That is, you may have one wish if you can prevent me from doing some slight task — such as draining your wine cask. IF YOU FAIL, and I empty the cask . . . well, we have great need for workers in the brimstone mines. In short you will spend ten thousand years digging brimstone for me.

Horrified at the prospect of forced labor for a small eternity Klet groaned at the folly of having called up a demon without having translated the passages on the measures necessary to control them. The demon Sax glowed cooly within the design Klet had made. It occurred to Klet that the design was restraining the demon since if it weren't, the angry demon probably not even have made a tricky offer but would have taken him right to the pits. Perhaps the same design placed around the wine cask would prevent the demon from approaching to drain it and the one glorious wish could be obtained without penalty. But no . . . this was too risky, something safer must be thought of.

"Come, come," said the demon. "Your spell will only hold me for a few more minutes. Be about your task."

Klet had it now. "Turn my wine cask into solid gold!", he said triumphantly. Sax only nodded and waved his hand at the cask, which was transformed in an instant. Even a demon could not drink solid gold wine.

"That's what you think," Sax said. He flicked his hand and the golden spigot turned. A stream of wine arched across the room, "You should have mentioned the wine too — pity that you only asked me to change the cask to gold."

Klet screamed as he thought of the penalty for dabbling in forbidden lore.

The End

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912 AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933 AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39 United States Code, Section 233) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION OF MYSTERIOUS ADVENTURES published bimonthly at New York, New York for October 1, 1954

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are:
Publisher—Story Comics, Inc., 11 E 44th St, New York 17, N Y
Editor and Managing Editor—Harry Harrison, 101 West 40th Street, New York, New York
Business Manager—Morton Myers, 46-07 Vernon Blvd., L I C, N Y

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.
Story Comics, Inc., 11 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York
Morton Myers, 46-07 Vernon Blvd., Long Island City, New York
William E. Friedman, 11 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York

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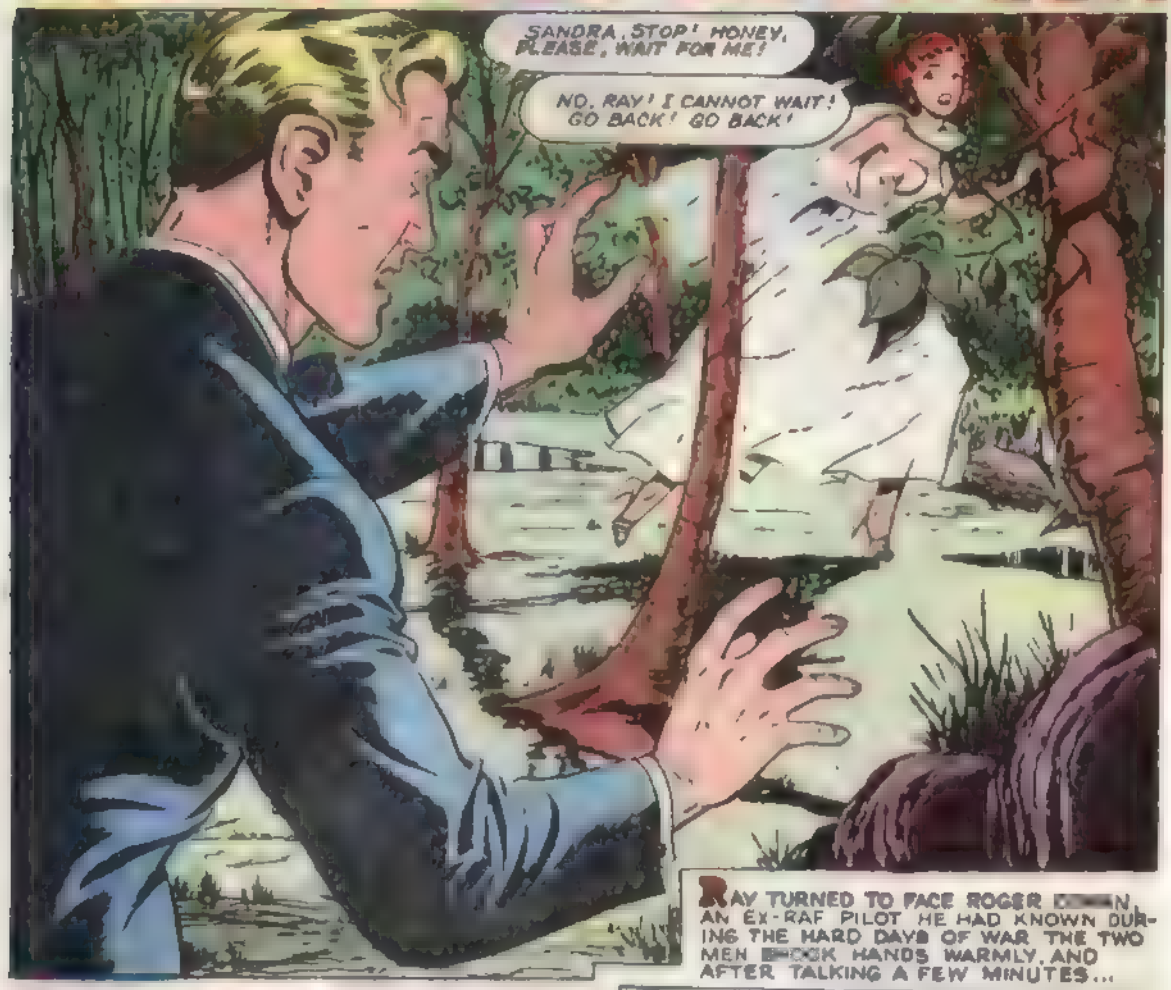
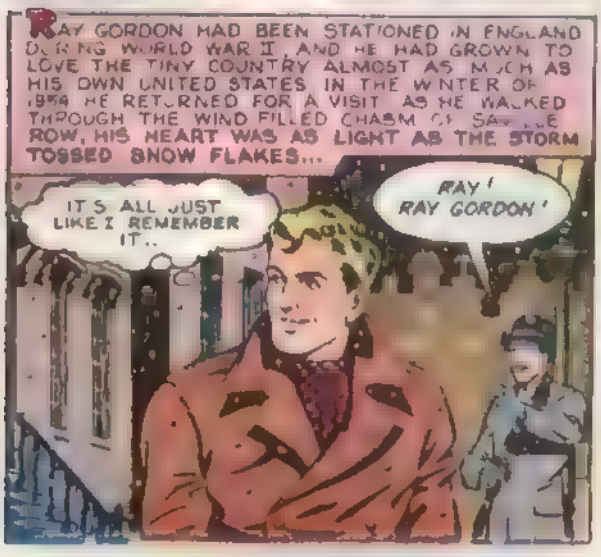
GREETINGS SEEKERS OF THE *STRANGE* AND THE *SUPERNATURAL* WE'VE GOT A **STRANGE** SAGA OF SPOOKINESS AWAITING YOUR PLEASURE IN THESE NEXT PAGES THIS IS AN ADVENTURE INTO THE *ENDLESS VISTAS* WHICH SEPARATE *SLEEP* FROM *WAKING* A TRIP INTO THE *UNKNOWN* AREAS WHICH DIVIDE *LIFE* FROM *NO LIFE* READY TO BE *THRILLED*? OKAY, WE'RE OFF TO...

THE WORLD BETWEEN



RAY TURNED TO FACE ROGER [redacted] AN EX-RAF PILOT HE HAD KNOWN DURING THE HARD DAYS OF WAR THE TWO MEN LOCK HANDS WARMLY, AND AFTER TALKING A FEW MINUTES...



AND SO IT WAS THAT ON SATURDAY NIGHT, RAY GORDON FOUND HIMSELF IN THE BALLROOM OF THE COWAN ESTATE HIS HOST AND CHARMING HOSTESS WENT OUT OF THEIR WAY TO SEE THAT HE ENJOYED HIMSELF AN AIR OF GAYETY FILLED THE ROOM...

RAY, I WANT YOU TO MEET SIR MALCOM LINDLEY SIR MALCOM, RAY GORDON, A DEAR FRIEND OF MINE

I'M HONORED, SIR MALCOM

THE PARTY LASTED FAR INTO THE NIGHT AND IT WAS SOMETIME AFTER MIDNIGHT WHEN RAY STROLLED OUT TO THE TERRACE IT HAD STOPPED SNOWING, THE AIR WAS FRESH AND CLEAN .

WHEW, I'M NOT USED TO SUCH BIG CROWDS. I'M GOING TO STAY OUT HERE LONG ENOUGH TO.. SAAAY, NOW WHY HAVEN'T I MET THAT LITTLE ANGEL *BEFORE*?

RAY'S ATTENTION HAD IMMEDIATELY BEEN DRAWN TO THE EXQUISITE RED HEAD WHO APPARENTLY HAD ALSO SOUGHT REFUGE OUT ON THE TERRACE. HE DIDN'T WASTE ANY TIME IN SPEAKING TO HER ..

NICE TO GET AWAY FROM THE CRUSH OF PEOPLE FOR A MINUTE, ISN'T IT? OH, I'M SORRY, I DIDN'T MEAN TO BE RUDE. GORDON'S MY NAME RAY GORDON

I'M HAPPY TO MEET YOU, MR. GORDON .'M SANDRA MITCHELL

RAY STUDIED SANDRA CAREFULLY, AND AT THE END OF A MINUTE HE KNEW SHE WAS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL HE HAD EVER SEEN. THEY DIDN'T TALK MUCH, THEY JUST STARED AT EACH OTHER..

WOULD WOULD YOU LIKE TO DANCE?

YES BUT NOT IN THERE -- LET'S DANCE IN THE CONSERVATORY

THEY MELTED INTO EACH OTHER'S ARMS, AND AS RAY HELD HER CLOSE, HE KNEW HE WAS FALLING IN LOVE THEY DANCED FOR HOURS -- SHE WAS LIGHT, LIKE A FEATHER IN HIS ARMS...

SANDRA, SANDRA

AND AS THE PARTY BROKE UP IN THE EARLY HOURS OF THE MORNING, SANDRA PUT HER ARMS AROUND RAY'S NECK, AND THEY SHARED THEIR FIRST KISS..

AND THEN SHE SLIPPED OUT OF HIS ARMS AND HURRIED TO THE STEPS WHICH LED FROM THE TERRACE TO THE LAWN ..

I'LL CALL YOU TOMORROW, DARLING

GOOD-BYE, RAY GOOD-BYE, MY DARLING

IF THERE WAS SOMETHING STRANGE IN SANDRA'S VOICE, RAY DIDN'T HEAR IT HE WALKED BACK INTO THE HOUSE, HIS HEAD AND HEART SPINNING CRAZILY FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE, RAY GORDON WAS IN LOVE
OH, THERE YOU ARE, OLD BOY PAM AND I WERE BEGINNING TO WORRY ABOUT YOU WHERE WERE YOU?
WHERE WAS I? WHERE WAS I? OLD MAN, I WAS IN HEAVEN! HEAVEN!
ROGER GRINNED AND LED RAY INTO THE LIBRARY WHERE THEY HAD A FINAL NIGHTCAP FOR THE EVENING...
I CAN TELL FROM THE LOVE-SICK-CALF LOOK ON YOUR FACE THAT IT'S A GIRL. WHO IS SHE?
SANDRA MITCHELL'S HER NAME YOU MUST KNOW HER AFTER ALL, SHE WAS YOUR GUEST
FOR A MINUTE THERE WAS NO SOUND IN THE ROOM ROGER LOOKED TOO STUNNED TO SPEAK, AND RAY FOUND HIS HEART POUNDING IN SUDDEN UNKNOWN FEAR AS HE LOOKED AT HIS HOST IT WAS AS IF A HAND OF SILENCE HAD CLUTCHED THE ROOM...
ROG, WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S THE MATTER?
RAY, YOU COULDN'T HAVE BEEN WITH SANDRA MITCHELL! YOU COULDN'T HAVE BEEN!
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? OF COURSE I WAS WITH HER! ROG, FOR PETE'S SAKE, WHAT'S WRONG?
RAY, SANDRA MITCHELL IS DEAD! SHE DIED ALMOST FIFTEEN YEARS AGO!
DEAD! ROGER YOU'RE CRAZY! I WAS WITH HER FOR AT LEAST THREE HOURS! WE DANCED, I KISSED HER ROG, THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE!
OKAY, OKAY, TAKE IT EASY, OLD BOY TELL ME WHAT THIS GIRL LOOKED LIKE WHAT COLOR WAS HER HAIR, HER EYES.?
AS RAY DESCRIBED SANDRA MITCHELL ROGER WALKED TO A DESK AND HIS FINGERS TREMBLED AS HE TOOK OUT A PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM...
SHE HAD GORGEOUS RED HAIR, DEEP BLUE EYES, AND A FAIR COMPLEXION SHE WAS ABOUT FIVE FOOT THREE, AND..
COME HERE A MINUTE, RAY I WANT YOU TO LOOK AT THIS PICTURE
RAY STARED DOWN AT THE ALBUM AND LAUGHING UP AT HIM FROM A SNAPSHOT WAS HIS NEWLY BELOVED, SANDRA MITCHELL HE LOOKED BACK UP AT ROGER, AND EVEN BEFORE HE ASKED THE QUESTION, HE KNEW THE ANSWER...
THAT'S HER AND... AND YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THAT SHE'S... SHE'S...
DEAD! YES, RAY, SANDRA WAS MY SECOND COUSIN! SHE WAS KILLED IN AN AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT!
3

RAY SANK INTO A CHAIR, AND BURIED HIS HEAD IN HIS HANDS THERE HAD TO BE AN ANSWER TO THIS. THERE HAD TO BE

ROG, I-I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY ALL I KNOW IS THAT GIRL WAS ON YOUR TERRACE *TONIGHT*. WE TALKED, AND LAUGHED, AND...

YOU BETTER TRY TO *FORGET* IT, OLD MAN AND IF IT'LL MAKE YOU FEEL ANY BETTER, DRIVE OUT TO WOODBRIDGE CEMETERY TOMORROW THAT'S WHERE SHE'S BURIED

ROGER BADE HIS GUEST GOOD NIGHT, AND WENT UPSTAIRS TO BED, SHAKING HIS HEAD IN BEWILDERMENT. FOR A LONG TIME, RAY SAT BEFORE THE FIRE THINKING, THINKING...

SHE WAS HERE *SHE WAS!* I'M GOING OUT TO THAT *CEMETERY* NOW I'VE GOT TO KNOW, GOT TO FIND OUT..

THE LAST SHAFTS OF MOONLIGHT FILLED THE NIGHT AS RAY GOT INTO ROGER'S SPORT CAR AND ROARED OUT OF THE GARAGE. HE STOPPED JUST LONG ENOUGH AT THE GATEKEEPERS BUNGALOW TO GET DIRECTIONS TO THE CEMETERY

AND THEN YOU TURN LEFT AT THE BROOK, AND IT'S ABOUT THREE MILES DOWN THE ROAD

RIGHT! THANKS, POP

THE YOUNG AMERICAN SPED DOWN THE ROADS, FASTER AND FASTER

SANDRA, YOU'RE *NOT* DEAD! YOU'RE *NOT* DEAD, DARLING!

WHEN HE REACHED THE CEMETERY, RAY STUMBLED FROM GRAVE TO GRAVE, LOOKING FOR THAT ONE TOMBSTONE — THE TOMBSTONE HE DIDN'T WANT TO FIND...

DUNSTON... LAYNE... PURCELL... GREEVES...

AND THEN SUDDENLY THERE IT WAS, LOOMING BEFORE HIM A STONE MARKED "SANDRA MITCHELL"

NO NO! SANDRA (SOB) NO!

SANDRA MITCHELL
BORN, APRIL 15 1918
DIED, MARCH 4, 1939

BUT EVEN AS HIS AGONIZED LIPS UTTERED THE WORDS, RAY FELT A GENTLE HAND ON HIS SHOULDER. HE TURNED, A PRAYER IN HIS HEART, AND FOUND

SANDRA, DARLING.. DARLING!

YES RAY. I'M HERE, SWEETHEART. I'M HERE!

WITH A GASP OF RELIEF, RAY TOOK HER INTO HIS ARMS. SHE WAS THERE, SHE WAS REAL! HE'D BEEN RIGHT! SHE WASN'T DEAD... SHE WASN'T...
OH, HONEY, I WAS SO AFRAID I'D LOST YOU. I WAS BEGINNING TO THINK I'D GONE CRAZY!
I KNEW YOU'D JOIN ME! I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T LET ME GO!
HE TOOK HOLD OF HER HAND AND STARTED TO LEAD HER BACK TO WHERE THE CAR WAS PARKED. NOW THAT HE'D FOUND HER, HE WAS NEVER GOING TO LET HER GO...
COME ON, DARLING. YOU'RE GOING BACK TO ROGER'S PLACE WITH ME! WE'RE GOING TO WAKE UP THAT BIG LUG AND SHOW HIM, ONCE AND FOR ALL, THAT YOU'RE NOT DEAD!
BUT, RAY...
I AM DEAD! MY MORTAL BODY IS BURIED IN THIS GRAVEYARD. YOU HAVE SEEN ONLY MY SPIRIT THAT IS STILL FREE TO ROAM THE WORLD!
B-BUT-- I--I...
RAY FELT HIS HEART STARTING TO BEAT WITH FEAR AGAIN. HOW COULD SANDRA BE DEAD? HOW? WEREN'T THEY STANDING THERE? COULDN'T HE SEE HER? COULDN'T HE TOUCH HER?
BUT IF YOU'RE DEAD, THEN I--I MUST BE...
THAT'S RIGHT, DARLING. YOU'RE DEAD, TOO. SEE, LOOK OVER THERE...
RAY LOOKED OUTSIDE THE GATE... AND THERE WAS THE CAR HE'D DRIVEN TO THE CEMETERY. IT WAS WRAPPED AROUND A TREE.
I-I DO REMEMBER A BUMP WHEN I PULLED OFF THE ROAD, BUT I--I...
THE ROAD WAS ICY, YOU SKIDDED, YOU WERE KILLED INSTANTLY, DARLING. OH, RAY, I WAS SO HAPPY. I KNEW WE COULD BE TOGETHER THEN!
RAY PEERED INSIDE THE BATTERED REMAINS OF THE CAR, AND SAW HIS BODY SLUMPED OVER THE STEERING WHEEL. HE WAS DEAD... DEAD...
DO YOU MIND TERRIBLY, DARLING?
I'M NOT SURE, SANDRA. I..I...
BUT AS HE TURNED BACK TO SANDRA, RAY DIDN'T MIND BEING DEAD, AT ALL. HE'D TOLD ROGER HOURS BEFORE THAT HE'D BEEN IN HEAVEN. AND HE WAS RIGHT..
THE END

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...AND WHAT YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT

WARNING! The following facts are brought to the attention of the public because of a widespread belief that nothing can be done about hair loss. This belief has no basis in medical fact. Worse, it has condemned many men and women to needless baldness by their neglect to treat certain accepted causes of hair loss.

There are six principal types of hair loss, or *alopecia*, as it is known in medical terms:

1. Alopecia from diseases of the scalp
2. Alopecia from other diseases or from an improper functioning of the body
3. Alopecia of the aged (senile baldness)
4. Alopecia areata (loss of hair in patches)
5. Alopecia of the young (premature baldness)
6. Alopecia at birth (congenital baldness)

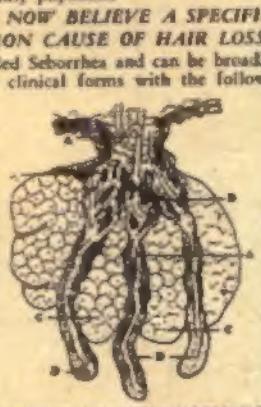
Senile, premature and congenital alopecia cannot be helped by anything now known to modern science. Alopecia from improper functioning of the body requires the advice and treatment of your family physician.

BUT MANY MEDICAL AUTHORITIES NOW BELIEVE A SPECIFIC SCALP DISEASE IS THE MOST COMMON CAUSE OF HAIR LOSS.

DANGER SYMPTOMS! This disease is called Seborrhea and can be broadly classified into two clinical forms with the following symptoms:

1. ***DRY SEBORRHEA:*** The hair is dry, lifeless, and without gloss. A dry flaky dandruff is usually present with accompanying itchiness. Hair loss is considerable and increases with the progress of the disease.

2. ***OILY SEBORRHEA:*** The hair and scalp are oily and greasy. The hair is slightly sticky to the touch and has a tendency to mat together. Dandruff takes the form of head scales. Scalp is usually itchy. Hair loss is severe with baldness as the end result.



DESTRUCTION OF HAIR FOLLICLES
Caused By Seborrhea

A — Dead hairs; B — Hair-destroying bacteria; C — Hypertrophied sebaceous glands; D — Atrophic follicles.

Many doctors agree that to NEGLECT these symptoms of DRY and OILY SEBORRHEA is to INVITE BALDNESS

Seborrhea is believed to be caused by three germ organisms — staphylococcus albus, pityrosporum ovale, and acnes bacillus.

These germs attack the sebaceous gland causing an abnormal working of this fat gland. The hair follicle, completely surrounded by the enlarged diseased sebaceous gland, then begins to atrophy. The hair produced becomes smaller and smaller until the hair follicle dies. Baldness is the inevitable result. (See illustration.)

But seborrhea can be controlled, particularly in its early stages. The three germ organisms believed to cause seborrhea, can and should be eliminated before they destroy your normal hair growth.

A POST WAR DEVELOPMENT Comate Medicinal Formula kills these three germ organisms on contact. Proof of Comate's germ-killing properties has been demonstrated in laboratory tests recently conducted by one of the leading testing laboratories in America. (The complete report is on file and copies are available on request.)

When used as directed, Comate Medicinal Formula controls seborrhea—stimulates the flow of blood to the scalp—helps stop scalp itch and burn—improves the appearance of your hair and scalp—helps STOP HAIR LOSS due to seborrhea. Your hair looks more attractive and alive.

You may safely follow the example of thousands who first were skeptical, then curious, and finally decided to avail themselves of *Comate* Medicinal Formula.

A Few of the Many Grateful Expressions by Users of Comate Medicinal Formula

"My hair was coming out for years and I tried everything. Nothing stopped it until I tried Comate. Now my hair has stopped coming out. It looks so much thicker. My friends have noticed my hair and they all say it looks so much better." —Mrs. R.E.J., Stevenson, Ala.

"Your hair formula got rid of my dandruff; my head does not itch any more. I think it is the best of all of the formulas I have used." —E.E., Hamilton, Ohio.

"Your formula is everything you claim it to be and the first 10 days trial freed me of a very bad case of dry seborrhea." —J.E.M., Long Beach, Calif.

"I do want to say that just within five days I have obtained a great improvement in my hair. I do want to thank you and the Comate Laboratories for producing such a wonderful and amazing formula." —M.M., Johnstown, Pa.

"I have found almost instant relief. My itching has stopped with one application." —J.N., Stockton, Calif.

"My hair looks thicker, not falling out like it used to. Will not be without Comate in the house." —R.W., Lonsdale, R. I.

"I haven't had any trouble with dandruff since I started using Comate." —L.W.W., Galveston, Tex.

"This formula is everything if not more than you say it is. I am very happy with what it's doing for my hair." —T.J., Las Cruces, New Mexico

"I find it stops the itch and retards the hair fall. I am thankful for the help it has given me in regard to the terrible itchiness." —R.B.L., Philadelphia, Pa.

Today these benefits are available to you just as they were to these sincere men and women when they first read about Comate. If your hair is thinning, over-dry or over-oily—if you are troubled with dandruff with increasing hair loss—you may well be guided by the laboratory tests and the experience of thousands of grateful men and women. Remember, if your hair loss is due to Seborrhea, Comate CAN and MUST help you. If it is due to causes beyond the reach of Comate Medicinal Formula, you have nothing to lose because our GUARANTY POLICY assures the return of your money unless delighted. So why delay when that delay may cause irreparable damage to your hair and scalp. Just mail the coupon below.

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- ☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman $5.00 plus postal charges.

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